

Lights and Shadows

Volume 52 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 52

Article 40

2009

Scarecrow

Zach McMasters

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows>

Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

McMasters, Z. (2009). Scarecrow. *Lights and Shadows*, 52 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol52/iss1/40>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UNA Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Lights and Shadows* by an authorized editor of UNA Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact jpate1@una.edu.

Scarecrow

Zach McMasters

Bring me a cloud for this bucket of tears;
I'm as dry as the skin of a scarecrow.
The fruits of labor write my story,
talking numbers in static harmony.

I eat it quickly in my sleep, savoring
the scent of warm newspaper, delicate
like holy scripture. I can even smell it
like a newborn baby. It touches deeper
than any full moon, and sounds like murder

outside my bedroom window. I'm awake
and dreaming quite heavily now. The smoke

rises, expands, bringing an understanding
to the burning laughter in my lungs.